



# We all saw it coming



45 30 17

## Chapter 1 by Matt Foster

In the beginning everything was good, we all laughed and played. Everything comes to a change though.

## Chapter 2 by Lance Felix

Everything except death.



## Chapter 3 by intellikat

Ooh. Gotcha there.



## Chapter 4 by intellikat

Death doesn't change, but you can see it coming in its long flowing robe and its Nike Air Jordans.



## Chapter 5 by Luke Meyers

By around the middle. things had gotten a little weird. Maybe there was still hope. but nobody liked the direction we were headed in.



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Chapter 6 by intellikat



Death had mad skills on the court. We had all seen it play before in videos online... youtube, vine, even some Chinese site with subtitles. When it approached, we new it would want to play us. We mixed up the teams and began. At first, Death seemed solid but nothing special. But then Death turned on the juice and began to flow. There was little we could do. When we took a halftime break, Death approached us and made the offer. Our lives versus immortality. We win, Death leaves us forever. We lose, and we descend with Death as the final buzzer sounds.

### Chapter 7 by intellikat



It wasn't really an offer. To turn it down would very likely advance the timeline on our lives. That is how Death works; a spiteful bastard. It got what it wanted in the end. It always did. We nodded our heads and wiped the sweat from our necks with ragged towels. The second half began, and Death didn't even give us the courtesy of finding our own beginning rhythm. He was the Professor, he was Hot Sauce, he was Jordan to the Max all in one. He moved as if he weren't wearing a thick robe and sandals. He handled the ball as if it weren't just sticks of bone palming the leather. By the time he had dunked on me the eighth time and bounced the ball off my forehead and dribbled through my legs, I was thoroughly frustrated. And so, I walked right off the court, mouthing some rather nasty words under my breath. Death stopped mid-bounce and stared at me as I sat down on the aluminium bench. I don't think he had expected this. I don't think he knew what to do.

### Chapter 8 by 20hupj



Death stared at me, a sweating, frowning lump sitting on gravel next to a basketball court. Signalling to the ref (who was himself) he paused the game and came to sit down next to me intently. His piercing eyes seemed to take everything in, my battered t-shirt, a pimple rising up on my chin and the fear rolling in my stomach.

I looked back at him, unsure as to what his next actions where. I wiped a bead of sweat of my forehead, but he just strengthen his gaze, watching the sweat drip of my palm onto the cracked gravel. My team mate's lay huddled behind death, there faces full of sorrow. They knew something that I didn't

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"Perfect, to be my apprentice in the Underworld. You can have immortality while you torture souls into screaming!"

"What!" I shout. But all other protests were blocked as Death took my hand and pulled me into a flowing mass of shadows into the Underworld...

the end

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